A Paire of Turtle Doves, Or,

A dainty new Scotch Dialogue between a Yong-man and his Miſtreſſe, both correſpondent in affection, &c.

To a pretty pleaſant tune, called the abſence of my Miſtreſſe, or I live not where I love.

Yong-man.

MAkt the abſence of my Miſtreſſe
gar me be thus diſcontent,
As thus to leane me in diſtreſſe,
and with langour to lament:
Nothing earthly ſhall diuorce me
from my deereſt, but diſdaine,
Nor no fortune ſhall enforce me,
from my faireſt to refraine.
O my deereſt,
My heart neereſt:
When ſhall I ſo happy bee
To embrace thee,
And to place thee,
Where thou nere maiſt part from me.

Maide.

Since my abſence doth ſo greeue thee,
it doth wound me to the heart:
If my preſence could releeue thee,
I would play a loyall part:
But I prethee be contented,
ſith the Fates will haue it ſo,
Though our meeting be preuented,
thou my conſtancy ſhalt know.
O my ſweeteſt,
The compleateſt
Man alive in my conceite,
Lady Fortune
Ile importune,
Soone to make our loyes compleate.

Yong-man.

Since thy abſence doth conſume me
with perplexity and paine,
What would thy preſence then allure me,
for to ſee thee once againe:
As thy abſence ſendes ſuch ſadneſſe
that it ſcarcely can be told:
So thy preſence yeeldeth gladneſſe,
to all eyes that thee behold.
O my deereſt, &c.

Maide.

What reward then ſhall I render,
to him that me doth ſo reſpect,
But my conſtancy to tender,
With like fauour to affect:
And ſince thy loue to me ſo ferment,
ſo my heart ſhall be to thee,
And as thou prou'ſt my loyall ſeruant,
thy true Miſtreſſe I will be,
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Yong-man.

Then my Loue, my Doue, my faireſt,
ſith I may repoſe ſuch truſt,
In my heart thou only shareſt,
none elſe craue a portion muſt:
Thou haſt ſetled thy affection
vpon me and none beſide,
And I of thee haue made election,
thou alone ſhalt be my Bride.
Come my deereſt,
My heart neereſt,
When ſhall I ſo happy bee,
To embrace thee,
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Maide.

My hearts Ioy, more ſweet than honey,
or the odoriferous roſe,
I haue laid ſuch hold vpon thee,
as the world can nere vnloſe
The Gordian knot, which though as yet
is not by Hymen tyed faſt,
Yet Heauen knowes my heart is ſet
on thee my choice, while breath doth laſt.
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Come my ſweeteſt, &c.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.

Young-man.

When Hyperion doth for euer
from the Skye obſcure his rayes,
When bright Luna (conſtant neuer)
leaues to ſeuen nights from dayes:
When the Sea doth ceaſe from running,
when all thus change prepoſterouſly,
Then that firme doth which I once made,
(and not till then) Ile breake with thee.
Come my deereſt,
My heart neereſt,
When ſhall I ſo happy be,
To embrace thee,
And to place thee,
Where thou nere maiſt part from me.

Maide.

When rich miſers throw their money
in the ſtreetes, and hoord vp ſtones,
When my Fathers Nagge ſo bonny,
leaues good hay to picke dry bones:
And when the dogge conforme to that,
doth change his food for Mates and hay,
Then ſhall my oath be out of date,
or elſe laſt till my dying day.
Come my ſweeteſt,
The compleateſt
Man alive in my conceite,
Lady Fortune,
Ile importune,
Soone to make our joyes compleate.

Young-man.

When the Bucke, the Hare, or Conny
doe purſue the Dogge to death,
When a rocke ſo hard and ſtony,
can diſſolu'd be with mans breath:
When turtles make a ſecond huſting,
then will I a new Loue ſeeke,
Till then all but this refuſing,
though I might change euery weeke.
Come my deereſt, &c.

Maide.

When both toads, with ſnakes and adders,
breed vpon the Iriſh ground,
When men ſcale the Skie with Ladders,
when two Phœnixes are found:
When the Goſe the Fox doth follow,
or ſeeke to hunt him forth his den,
Or ſwine in dirt refuſe to wallow,
Ile not forſake my loue till then.
Come my ſweeteſt, &c.

Young-man.

Then ſweet Loue ſith both agree thus,
hauing hearts reciprocall,
Long I hope we ſhall not be thus
barred from the principall
Of all our joy, which is bleſt marriage,
Hymen haſte to knit the knot,
I'th meane time our conſtant carriage,
will i'th world nere be forgot.
Come my deereſt,
My heart neereſt,
When ſhall I ſo happy be,
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FINIS. Martin Parker.

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